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# The Republican Bullies Or, *a ſham Battel between* two of a ſide, *in a Dialogue between* Mr. Review *and the* Obſervator, *lately* fall'n out *about* keeping the Queen's Peace: *To which is likewiſe added a Letter from* Cheſter, *relating to the Election held there, for that County.*

*Rev.* WELL this is ſomething, to come Face to Face, but to expoſe one another's Nakedneſs to all the World, eſpecially when we are Embarqued in the ſame Undertaking is a piece of Policy inconſiſtent with my *correcting the Errors of Petty States-Men*, or your *letting the World into the Knowlege of the hidden things that belong to the Fundamentals of our Conſtitution.* —

*Obſ.* Not ſo *Hidden* neither, as you ſeem to Inſinuate, for both my Printer and Publiſher can give their *Teſtimony*, that I have made ſuch *Diſcoveries* in things that were *Occult* before, that they are as common to thoſe that give themſelves the honour of my Company, as Dr. *Talbor's Medicinal Secrets*, which I have been ſo Witty upon in ſeveral of my Weekly Papers.

*Rev.* True, the Publick holds you for a *Grand Diſcoverer*, for you told your Country-man *ſix Months before the Scotch Plot broke out*, that there was ſuch a buſineſs in Agitation; and you would have done well to have appear'd before the Committe at N——d Houſe to have given it a farther Illuſtration. But I'll be bold to tell you, ſince your Country-man with his Oaken Towel is out of the way, that you have made a very great *Diſcovery of your ſelf* in pretending to take up the Gudgels againſt me, who am the very *Dymock* of the Party.

*Obſ.* A very apt Similitude, as the chief Champion of *England* gives a Challenge for Form ſake, when he knows no one dares enter the Liſts with him for fear of High Treaſon, ſo you take the *ſhorteſt way to exemplifie your ſelf in your own caſe* (inſtead of *Gill's*) for a Man of Reſolution and Intrepidity, by *ſham-Vindications* of the Queen and Government, when it's hazardous in this Critical Conjuncture to make a Reply to you.

*Rev.* Why, there's the Cream of the Jeſt, perhaps I have as *little* Reſpect for the Queen and Government as your ſelf, but Diſſimulation goes a great way now a-days, and a ſmooth Countenance will hide a Villainous Deſign. But to the Buſineſs in hand. Prithee Friend *John*, how came you and I that have ſo long piſs'd in a Quill, to fall out, I proteſt I can't imagine, what ſhould make us ſo over ſeen?

*Obſ.* Is that a Queſtion for this time of Day? I have no Patience to hear you ask it! Why you Son of a *four-threaded Heſt*, did not you fall foul upon my Accurate Diſcourſes about the *Fleet*, and make it your endeavour to rob me of many a Can of Flip, and *Bowl of Punch*

from the Merry *Tars*, whose Advocate I have written my self, ever since the first of *April*, 1701, when I set my self in Print for an *April* Fool, by taking upon me to mimick Sir *Roger* in his Observators? By all my hopes of a Bottle of *October* with my Country-man and *Joan* at night, I'd fling a Sentence of Latin at your Head: But *Te doleo, Daniel*, I'm sorry for your Weakness.

*Rev.* But I hope you'll stay till I bring my Scotchman with me; for I understand *Latin* in his Company as well as your Worship, for all your haste.

*Obs.* You can *Father it* you mean, just as you did another Man's *Philosophical Essay* upon the Winds, in your *Elaborate* Collection about the late Dreadful Storm, when you made bold with several Pages from the Learned Dr *Bohun*, without saying so much to the Dr. for his Assistance as kiss my A——se. But though your Scotch Amanuensis was here present, believe it, I have both Scraps of Latin, and Impudence enough to enter the Lists with him at any Time.

*Rev.* Thou art in no want of the last, my Word for it, else thou would'st never have adventur'd to take one of thy best Friends to task at such a rate about the *Coventry Election*.

*Obs.* Meaning your Worship forsooth——Could Flesh and Blood bear with your Quartering two Troops of Horse upon the Townsmen there? Down right Popery, by all that's good, it smelt so of a standing Army, that it is not got out of my Nostrils to this Hour.

*Rev.* There lies the business, you run away with a Notion before you understand it. The two Tacking Candidates in that Town had a very great Majority among the Electors, notwithstanding all the little Artifices of their Opponents to put them by; so that it was impossible to fling them out but by the means of a superior Power, which should influence their Votes, and draw them over to a contrary Interest. Now there were not wanting such of our Party who were of Seditious Inclinations enough to raise Civil Commotions among the Inhabitants, and had actually done it, which gave some People in Authority a handle to Sollicite for Assistance from Above.

*Obs.* Oh! now I have you, truly I am not such an Enemy to Troops of Horse on an occasion like this. Had you given me your Reasons before, you and I had never fall'n out about it. For a standing Army it self is no Grievance, when design'd to propagate the Interest of us the Sanctified and Elect.

*Rev.* Had the Court listen'd to my Remonstrances in Print, I would not have given a Fig for Sir *Christopher Hales* or Mr. *Gery*. I tell thee, Troops of Horse, upon some occasions, are excellent Arguments, and if made use of on the side of the Brethren are convincingly Lawful. But I have something else to tax you with, and that is, the Sin of Ingratitude!

*Obs.* I deny it. Ingratitude is no Sin. I appeal to my Behaviour to King *James* for his Gracious Pardon after my Petitioning to be Hang'd, my good Wishes for the *Glorious* King *William* when I said, that *were I to see him sleeping upon a Couch and a Train of Gun Powder under him, just ready to take fire, I valued him so very little that I would not give my self the trouble of taking away the Match*: And my esteem for Queen *Anne*, by whose Lenity and Mercy I am not call'd to any Account for my Frequent Transgressions against Her Majesty and the Government Establish'd.

*Rev.* I mean no such Ingratitude as that. Were such a sort to be imputed to us for a Sin, I should come in for a share of the Reproach my self. For I have been bound over to my Good Behaviour for seven Years, five of which are still to come, and forfeited my Bonds more than

seventy

Seventy times seven times, and yet, though my Bail are unquestion'd for Breach of Performances, and old Offences are pass'd by, I am daily adding New to them, and Exasperating the Government by fresh Provocations. Witness my *threatning the Queen if she took Part with the Tackers* not long since, &c. But the sort of Ingratitude I take notice of, is that of one Brother Offender to another, when you break through the Obligations you are under to me as your *Supporter* and *Benefactor*.

*Obs.* I own no Supporter or Benefactor, but my Countryman and his Wife *Joan*, to whom I have been always thankful for their Kind Reception of me in the Days of Tribulation.

*Rev.* Then you have forgot my Services to you. How that when you and your two Fugitive Companions Skulk'd from Place to Place, for fear of the Serjeant at Arms, I took Pen in Hand, and soften'd your Harsh and Opprobious Railings, into *Beau Billingsgate*: By writing several Observators for you: By Raising the Price from Ten Shillings to Twenty: By speaking better of you in all Companies than I did of any Man beside. For I never spake well of another; with abundance of other Civilitys.

*Obs.* Sweet Sir, Your Humble Servant. Then there is no Thanks due to me, for summoning the Mob to keep off *Rotten Eggs* and *Chanell Salutes* from your *pretty Face*, during your being made Overseer of the Cities of London and *Westminster*, through your Wooden Machine, call'd a Scotch Casement?

*Rev.* Thanks? did you ever hear that I thank'd any Body for any Good Offices whatsoever? what is done for me is purely the Effects of my Merit. Why, I never thank'd my Lord *Nottingham* for not Hanging me, even when he had it in his Power, for writing the *Bawdy and Traiterous Verses* about her Majesty's *Knighting* Sir *David Hamilton*? Since, when I was first taken, *Robin Stephens* took them from out of my Pocket, and under my own Hand; but on the Contrary abus'd him for his kindness.

*Obs.* My Resemblance to a Tittle, as if one Mother bore us! Come, all Quarrels apart, let us henceforth joyn against the Common Enemy, the Church of *England* by Law Establish'd.

*Rev.* Agreed---Though it is a cursed sort of a Confinement. For a Man of my Wit can no more contain himself within any Restrictions, than Bottled Ale without flying. (Observe the *Naviety* of similitude as the Learned Mr. *Oldmixon* has it.) I'll suppress the Rising Genius within me as much as possible, though I fall into Convulsions through the means of it, as the Priest of *Delphos* upon the Tripos.

*Obs.* God amercy Scotch-Man for that. I see you are a Man of Ready Parts! Or you would never have benefitted so much, as to Introduce such a Quotation out of his Company.

*Rev.* There you have hit upon my Character to a Tittle. For how in the Name of Dullness, should I Answer Latin Letters, that know not a Syllable of the Matter, Confute false Hypotheses, and lay down new Schemes in Ethicks, Physicks, and Metaphysicks, which I am fam'd for, without some Auxiliaries?

*Obs.* And what the Devil should I do with my *Old Musty Statute Books? Hengham Magna, Hengham Parva, Plowden, Selden, Fleta, Bracton, my Lord Coke*, and abundance of other Crabbed Authors, without an Interpreter. It's true, I have forgotten more Latin then ever you Learn'd, but where to have my Canon, Civil, and Common Law, but from my Friends in *Drs. Commons*, at *Lambeth*, and the *Temple*, I know no more then the Child unborn, or if any thing can add to the Assertion no more than your self.

*Rev.* But its, our Buſineſs to keep the World in Ignorance, as if we were perfectly Maſters of all Arts and Sciences. This brings me in a World of Queſtions, and I don't leave Anſwers at Mr. M——'s the Printer for nothing. What if my project for the Diſpoſal of Charity is quite laid aſide I get Mony otherways, and by my ſubſcriptions to the *Review*, which I made a Feint of Dropping on purpoſe to dive into the Pockets of thoſe who were Fools enough to believe me, I get Twice the Mony I did by making Pan-Tyles, where I was worſe than an Ægyptian Task-maſter, that made his Servants make Bricks without Straw. For I ſuffer'd them to make them without Mony.

*Obſ.* You Wrote the firſt Volume gratis! So you gave out in Print! Or I am mightily miſtaken! Which in my Opinion was want of Foreſight! For the Generality of Scribes are not often of that Temper.

*Rev.* That was on purpoſe to be taken Notice of, for a Perſon of no Common Diſpoſitions. This was the ſtratagem got my Paper into Repute, or it had been long before at the Paſtry-cooks and Grocers with other Mortal Papers. For to ſtick at a Lye or two, eſpecially when it ſuits with our Convenience, is ſuch a Puny Qualm of Conſcience, that a Man of any Reſolution ought to be aſham'd of. In plain Truth, you may take it for matter of Fact, though you are not to let the Church Party know of it, I had a handſome Allowance, (*viz*) 100*l.* for the firſt Volume.

*Obſ. Live and learn* ſay's the Proverb. Among the whole Circle of my Knowledge I never met with ſuch an Inſtance as this. Dear Fellow Traveller in the Paths of Iniquity, here's a Bumper to our Better Acquaintance. What think you? Don't matters go ſwimmingly on our ſide? The Corniſhmen have given ſeveral of their Old Members the Country Hug, which flung them all upon their Backs; and the Knights for *Eſſex* and *Middleſex* and *Surry* are our own. Brave News from *Cheſhire* too! Sir *George Warburton*, and Sir *Roger Moſtyn* are Routed Horſe and Foot.

*Rev.* Sayſt thou ſo my Boy. From *Cheſhire*? I Deſpair'd of that Election, eſpecially ſince it was held at a City for which *Two Tackers* were Members of Parliament. Communicate, I beſech thee, for I long to hear the Particulars, I pray thee communicate.

*Obſ.* Between you and me, it was not the faireſt Election that I have heard of.

*Rev.* Fair or Foul it Matters not, ſince we have carryed it. The more Knavery the more Cunning. Would you have a Fool to be a P—— man?

*Obſ.* Not I, truly, unleſs he were to be of the Contrary Party. You muſt know then, that I have intercepted a Letter that came by the laſt Poſt directed to a Certain Highflyer, which I would not have to fall into the Author of the Rehearſal's Hands for the World. He would ſo Mawl us with his *Plain Proofs*, that all the Braſs in our Countenances would not Enable us to keep the Field any Longer. I'll Read it to you. But beſure you keep it ſecret, upon Pain and Peril of my further Diſpleaſure. For if it ſhould once take Air, neither my Pretended Clergyman's Letter from *Ipſwich*, nor your Squinting Advice from *Oxford*, will ever be of Force to leſſen the Credit of it. (Reads)

SIR,

*Chester, May* the 27th 1705.

SIR,

'MR. *B*—— and Mr. *O*—— have by very illegal proceedings carry'd the Election againſt Sr. *George W.*——— and Sir *Roger M*—— *n*. For in the firſt place; the High Sheriff was intirely devoted to their Intereſt, and when the Preliminaries came to be ſettled on *Tueſday* the night before the Election began, he wou'd not conſent to allow *Writing Inſpectors*, and the next Morning it was held in debate, near an hour and half before it was granted: The ſame Day the Dean, with a great Body of Clergy, came from the Choir Prayers, to Poll for Sir *George* and Sir *Roger*, and then the other Candidates *particularlized* the Clergy, that *they only* ſhould be tendered the *Oaths of Allegiance* and *Supremacy*. But on *Thurſday*, about three in the Afternoon the Second days Poll, Mr. *B*—— and Mr. *O*—— having got ſtart, examined the Inns, and finding five or ſix to one was Polled againſt them, to delay the time, moved that the aforeſaid Oaths, ſhould be adminiſtred to each *particular Perſon*, which accordingly was done, during the Election, which cauſed a great many to go away unpolled.

'Mr. *O.* declared in Court, that he was *for the Church of* England, as it OUGHT to be by Law *Eſtabliſhed*, and the ſhouting Party of 'em cry'd, *down with the Church, down with the Church*, both in the Streets and Hall, and were ſo inſolent, publickly to Affront the Clergy, calling them *Dark Lanthorns*, and that they ought to have their Gowns pulled off their Backs: And the ſuppos'd occaſion of this Inſolency, was the aſſurance they had of carrying the Election, having made as 'tis ſaid) above 1200 new Votes. And in my Thoughts it very plainly appears to be ſo by the Poll, the Same party declaring, they thought it impoſſible there ſhould be ſo many Free-holders in *Cheſhire*, as pol'd the laſt Election for the laſt Parliament, *viz.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sir *George Warburton*, 2597. | } | Sir *Willoughby Aſton*, 2095. |
| Sir *Roger Moſtyn*, 2559. | } | Sir *Robert Cotton*, 2052. |

'And Sir *George Warburton* has poled this time more than he did in the laſt Election 281 Votes, his whole number this time being 2878; and Sir *Roger* exceeded his laſt Election 106 Votes, being this time 2665, ſo that it very plainly appears, what indirect means they have uſed; for according to the number that Voted in the Elections before this, there wou'd not be above 1800 Men left for them to Pole; allowing 2878 Poled for Sir *George*, and 2665 for Sir *Roger*: And in that Election the very Party, that now has Poled 3088, and 3165, declared there could not be ſo many Free-holders in the County. Which Numbers ſeem highly improbable, unleſs one takes a View of their unjuſt meaſures in forcing Men to Pole, that have not above twenty Shillings a Year, and others that receive Alms of the Pariſh, ſeveral of which declared, with what great reluctancy they went to take the Oaths uſual in ſuch caſes, whenat the ſame time, they were ſenſible, they had not above twenty Shilings a Year, but were conſtrained by their Landlords to Pole, or to Suſtain an inevitable Ruin, not only of themſelves, but their poor Families, and others 3 or four times over: Alſo ſingle Fields, were made Free-holds, on this Occaſion. The Night after the Election was declared over, the Windows of the Cathedral Church were broke, and ſeveral other Audacious Actions were committed.

"Sir *George Warburton*, inſiſted upon Mr. B—— not being at Age, in the preſence of 4 "Members of Parliament, Sir *John Conway*, Sir *Henry Bunbury*, Mr. *Shackerly*, and Mr. *Leigh* "of *Lyme*. And altho no perſon attempted to ſay any thing to the contrary, yet the High-Sher- "riff Declared he wou'd Return him as a Member of Parliament for this County, ſaying he had "taken advice thereupon.

Their

Their Malice extended so far, that they made the Picture of a Gallows with a Rope Hanging at it, and underneath was written upon the Church Wall.

Nicholas *Lord Bishop, that this may be thy fate and all that Succeed thee.*

There were (Modestly Speaking) 5 Gentlemen to one of the Church Party.

*Which is all at present from*

*Yours, &c.*

---

*Rev.* But who have you to thank for this Excellent News but my self. I have made such a Noise with Preaching up *Peace, Peace* to them, that I have set the Country together by the Ears, and have brought the Mob in such a Manner over to our side, that a Clergyman had like to have been Knock'd on the Head by a Brave Fellow at *Brentford* t' other Day, as he was going to give his Vote for *Smithson* and *Lake*, but the Rogue caught a Tartar in a Broken Head for his Pains.

*Obs.* Had my Countryman's Oaken Towel been there, 'twould have made work with those Black Coats to some purpose. But now you speak of Insulting the Clergy, Remember that's an Exploit of my Promoting, for I have Employ'd my self not a little during these late Elections in *Looing* the Mob against them.

*Rev.* What? Run away with the Credit of a thing only belongs to me? You may spare your self the Trouble of thinking of a Reconciliation between us, unless you surrender up all Right and Title to that Experiment.

*Obs.* That would be a good Jest indeed, as if any man upon the Face of Earth could have called them more Rogues and Rascals than I have done? Bilboa's the Word, and Bloud and Slaughter must Ensue. (Draws)

*Rev.* Prithee, Mr. *Hotspur*, put up your Whinyard, a Monmouth Scyth would become you much better. Besides, a Word in your Ear——good Capt. *Bessus*; some of your Acquaintance tell me you are more talkative than Valiant. No man would dispute the Prize with you, if downright Billingsgate was the Weapon to gain it by. He's the Champion for a Modern Readers Mony, that can cut a Throat with a Feather, that can wound the sacred Order by way of Expostulation, and fling Dirt upon them by Dint of Irony as I have done.

*Obs.* The only Figure in Rhetorick that you are Master of! More thanks to *Nature* than *Art*, who has given it you, without so much as letting you know that it is One, notwithstanding your Challenge to me in your last, a little before your old Weather beaten Tale of the Mastiff and the Cur Dog, Brown and Black, where the *Fools Argument* of a Wager is propos'd to finish the Dispute between us. Had it not been for your Mumping by way of Subscription, and pretending Losses when you were never worth any thing, you might have been as

great

eat a ſtranger, to *Twenty Pounds* as my ſelf. But I am loath to tell all I know too, ſince are coming to an Amicable Agreement. Therefore deſire you, Friend *Daniel*, the next me you write any thing in Vindication of your great Skill in the Latin Tongue, to let your uotation come up to your Pretenſions, and not make a Jeſt of your ſelf, by ſaying *Oportet endacem eſſe* Memoriam; for *Memorem*, &c.

*Rev.* You'll force me to ſend for the Scotchman by and by to Cap Verſes with you.----

*Obſ.* But He'll ſcarce come, tho you ſhould. For I underſtand that the poor *Caledonian* has had a iſchance lately, and the Man with his Mallet in St. *Martins Lane*, has lately been too rd for him. Not that I value him the leſs for a broken Head. It may be either of our iſfortunes one Day or other: But I'll take care to be Thraſh'd by *Proxy* as well as your ſelf; r my Countryman ſhall ſtand in the Gap when Occaſion ſhall ſerve.

*Rev.* Rogues among our ſelves, as ſure as I Live, or this Accident was ſo cloſely conceal'd never had taken Air——But to the Purpoſe in Hand. Friend of mine, you ſay in your laſt ere are ſeveral *Clergymen* of the Church of *England Honeſt* and *well Principled*, beſides e 13 Biſhops; nay what is more, you confeſs your ſelf, of the Eſtabliſh'd Church; nei-er of which was ever Acknowledg'd by me, which is Enough to give me the Preference, in candalizing the Clergy.

*Obſ.* Ay, but do you know my Reaſons for Writing my ſelf a Church of *England* Man, when am as much of a contrary Perſuaſion as your ſelf? They are juſt the ſame as Dr. *tes*'s for wearing the Church Habit, only to Render the Miniſtry Scandalous——

*Rev.* Is'e Ken, Ye mon--- but dear *Jack*, be a little more Tractable and agree ith me in this Point, and I'll allow of any other Conceſſion whatſoever. For it will break ny Man's of my multiplicity of Gaul to have ſpent ſo much time in rendring the Church *England*'s Prieſthood, Odious and Ridiculous, for the: to run away with the Praiſe of it.

*Obſ.* To ſhew you that I am not inexorable, you ſhall have your Requeſt granted. But emember *Daniel*, that you keep within the Bounds of Moderation for the Future, and ſo have your ſelf as if it was *my Goodneſs more then your Deſert.*

*Rev.* I ſhall do any thing in Requital for ſuah a Favour, and am ready to enter into Ar-cles of Peace immediately.

*Obſ.* I am for any Articles but the 39. Who ſhall be Guarantees?

*Rev.* Who ſhould but *Roger* and my Scotchman? For both of us have broken our Words d Engagements ſo often, eſpecially my ſelf, who have forfeited my Bonds over and over, d brought my Bail into a Premunire, 3 times a Week ever ſince my Review has come out often.

*Obſ.* Draw 'em up then, for you have been writing about Peace ſo long, that you muſt eeds underſtand the Nature of theſe things better than I, who am out of my Sphere when am not ſetting People together by the Ears: But let 'em be as ſhort as poſſible, becauſe I n not overfond of the Subject.

*Rev.* To begin then: *Articles of Peace concluded between the moſt Unſerene* Daniel Foe.——

Of

*Obs.* By your leave sweet Sir, I must enter my Protest against your being nam'd first: Though I own you to be Superior in one Thing, I cannot in all, therefore I demand according to your Promise of giving me an Allowance for my last Concession, that I have the Precedency.

*Rev.* Though it goes against my Stomach it shall be so, well then —— *Between the most incorrigible* John Tutchin *Scavinger, and Captain General of the Thrice renowned Mobility, and the most Unserene* Daniel Foe, *Clergy-Flogger in Ordinary to his Highness the Prince of Darkness.*

*Imprimis*, It is reciprocally agreed and stipulated between the aforesaid Potentates in Scandal, that from the Date hereof, there be a Perpetual Peace between them and their Adherents.

*Obs.* I accept against the Word *Perpetual*, for I can no more keep it, than the Parties concern'd did that at *Reswick*.

*Rev.* Be it left out then. 2*dly*, That all Acts of Hostility be forgotten and laid aside, and that a League Offensive and Defensive be enter'd into between the aforesaid Potentates.

3*dly*, That a free Trade be establish'd between the Subjects of either side, and all Embargoes be taken off from those on the Part of the *Observator*, from being hindered to deal with the Mercuries or Hawkers for *Reviews*, and on the side of the *Review* for *Observators*.

4*thly*, That each Party do what in them lies to overthrow the Government and Church Established in the Kingdom of *Solinaria*, and that for this end they immediately provide themselves with Artillery and Ammunition for this purpose.

5*thly*, That they do not declare War against either, but come upon 'em under the Notion of being Friends and Auxiliaries: And by these Means more opportunely forward their Destruction.

6*thly*, That they continue to cry up the House of Lords and the Bishops for their Protectors and Defenders, till an Occasion shall offer it self for their being laid aside. As in the Days of the Rump-Parliament.

7*thly*, That they never cease exasperating the Court against the *Tackers*, till it be in the Power of their Party to tack whatsoever Bill shall be thought fitting to diminish from the Royal Prerogative: And——

*Obs.* Dear Lad, hold, enough, enough in Conscience, for these pacifick Agreements. For I much doubt whether we shall keep half of 'em.

*Rev.* No matter for that, I dare say 'twill neither be the first time nor the last either of us has or shall break through Obligations of this Nature. Down with your Fist then.

*Ob. Sic subscribitur*; *John Tutchin*, Gent. *Author of the Observator.*

*Rev.* You will have your Latin, though I told you my *Scotchman* was absent. However, I'll set my Name and Title to it, though I know not the meaning of those two Pagan Words. *Daniel Foe, Author of the True Born Englishman and Scandal Club, and* Jure Divino in Embrio.

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